

*My Dearest Marianne,
From Thomas...*

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Thomas Roy



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My Dearest Marianne,

I am writing this to you now because the silence has become an unbearable cage, the walls pressing in on a truth I can no longer keep confined. I can no longer sit in the quiet, sterile confines of my own mind, a prisoner of self-imposed patience, waiting for some grand, cosmic sign—for the stars to align or for the universe to finally grant me formal, bureaucratic permission to speak the truth that has been building inside me like a tide. For too long—far, far too long—our profound, transformative, and deeply consequential connection has been relegated to the adult, digital equivalent of passing frantic, secretive notes in a crowded, high-school hallway. We have been living, and indeed loving, in two entirely separate worlds, tethered only by the fragile, glowing thread of our digital screens, an ethereal

bond constantly threatened by the inevitable flicker of a poor connection or an ill-timed notification.

I know, deeply, that we had to organize our interactions this certain, frustratingly circuitous way because of the immense, complicated circumstances that surrounded us both. The weight of our respective lives, the histories we carried, the people we didn't want to hurt—all of it necessitated a level of caution and secrecy that, at the time, felt responsible, even essential. We built a beautiful, intensely private world within the glass and metal of our phones and computers, a refuge where our souls could finally meet without consequence.

But the version of me that was willing to endure this perpetual state of ambiguity, content to be sheltered and sustained only by the intoxicating intensity of our digital connection, is actively and rapidly fading away. That shadow-self, the one who accepted the half-measure of love offered

through a screen, is dissolving with every passing minute of my newfound clarity. The man who is taking his place, the man I am finally and irreversibly becoming, is hardened by resolve, his patience spent, and utterly determined to go after what he wants—and what he wants, above everything else this universe can possibly offer, is *you*.

This is no longer a plea for more intense messaging or longer late-night video calls. This is a declaration that the time for living in fragments and stolen moments has come to an absolute end. I need our reality to finally match the magnificent, visceral truth of what we have become to each other. I am ready to step out of the shadows and into the full, blinding light of our shared life, whatever the consequences may be. I want a future where the sound of your voice isn't mediated by a speaker and the touch of your hand isn't a memory filtered through a digital photograph. I want *us*, Marianne, and I will not wait any longer for the universe to grant me permission. I'm taking it.

To truly explain the monumental decision I am making—the readiness to tear down my current life and restructure my entire existence to be with you—I have to be brutally honest about the darkness you are pulling me out of. This decision is not a flight of fancy or a simple change of scenery; it is an act of self-preservation, a desperate break from a life sentence I unknowingly served.

I have spent the vast majority of my existence feeling like a foreign entity, a person who fundamentally does not belong. My spirit has always operated on a different frequency than the world around me. Growing up, every single attempt to conform to the suffocating, small-town mentality felt like a soul-shattering compromise. It was an agonizing, continuous process of sacrificing a core piece of who I was—my expansive mind, my intense emotions, my strange obsessions—just to blend in with people who, in the deepest sense, were utterly indifferent

to my fate. I was a ghost among them, and they would not shed a single tear or even notice if I suddenly vanished from the planet. That indifference was a constant, low-level ache.

My home environment was not a sanctuary; it was a psychological battleground, a constant, devastating cycle fueled by generational trauma, destructive secrets, manipulative lies, and relentless emotional abuse. This dynamic created a caustic atmosphere where vulnerability was a liability. I lived under constant surveillance, knowing that my own family members would eagerly try to weaponize my soft spots, my fears, and my dreams against me. They specialized in dragging me into toxic, never-ending battles—feuds over ghosts of the past, control over finances, and petty, corrosive drama—I wanted absolutely nothing to do with. I have been chronically surrounded by people who actively made me feel like an outsider, an unbearable burden, and ultimately, a monster.

Adding another layer to this isolation was my physical reality. Because of my size and my complicated, often volatile history, I was consistently treated as an intimidating figure—a brute force. I was seen as a protector to be cynically used when it was convenient for them, a massive shield to deploy against external threats, but the moment the danger passed, I was feared, kept at a distance, and viewed with suspicion the rest of the time. This constant duality—being needed but never truly accepted—forced me to cling so desperately to the "lone wolf" persona. It was a performance, a heavy, cold suit of armor designed not for aggression, but to drown out the agonizing, screaming reality of how profoundly and completely I *hate* being alone. This persona was the ultimate paradox: the image of strength that hid the deepest yearning for genuine connection.

To survive this relentlessly isolating and toxic environment, I built intricate fortresses out of my intense creative pursuits

and my frantic entrepreneurial ventures. My work was not just ambition; it was a wall. I relentlessly chased the strange, the supernatural, and the extreme because in the chaos of those subjects, I found a reflection of my own inner turmoil, and it felt like the only avenue I had left to control a world that was otherwise entirely out of control. My career became a desperate, all-consuming attempt to prove to the outside world and, more critically, to myself that I was not, in fact, the monster my family delighted in painting me out to be. It was a desperate plea for validation coded into every project.

But hiding behind that heavy, cold armor has finally lost its effect. The weight of that persona is crushing me. I can no longer use my work or my ambitions as a defensive crutch to justify my continued presence here. I am suffocating in this toxic environment, the air growing thinner with every manipulative text and every passive-aggressive silence. The clarity I have finally achieved is absolute and terrifying in its sim-

plicity: staying here is no longer an option for the man I need to become. This is not about leaving a town; it is about leaving a life sentence of inherited pain and stepping into the truth of the future you represent.

Then, miraculously, you came crashing into my life—a disruptive, beautiful, and utterly necessary force. You found me at a time of profound, deeply unsettling transition, a moment when my old world was not just crumbling but being meticulously incinerated to ash. I was adrift in the wreckage of a life I could no longer sustain, clinging desperately to the final vestiges of a self-image that was pure fiction.

And somehow, you saw right through the performance. You didn't just look past the façade; you saw through the entire act, the carefully constructed charm, the brittle cynicism, and the heavy, black armor I wore every single day to keep the world and all its potential pain at a safe, sterile distance. You didn't merely see the hurt; you saw the

raw, exposed, and deeply broken man underneath. You witnessed the decades of isolation and the silent, perpetual scream of self-loathing. And instead of recoiling or running—the reaction I had come to expect and even prepare for—you did the most impossible, life-altering thing: you made me feel profoundly, unequivocally safe.

For the first time in my entire existence, I encountered a person who didn't demand I be less, or more, or different. You are the only person I have ever felt truly safe enough with to be emotionally naked and completely exposed, to let my deepest vulnerabilities show, without the immediate, paralyzing fear of hearing the familiar, self-hating screams inside my head begin their destructive chorus. That safety isn't a passive state; it is an active, sheltering harbor you built for me in the middle of a torrential storm.

You made me feel intensely, miraculously human in a world that had spent

decades meticulously and cruelly seeking to dehumanize me, to categorize me as an anomaly, a danger, or simply a dangerous freak. Your acceptance was a balm I didn't even know my soul was craving. At the exact moment my own family—the people who were supposed to be my foundation—was most eager to tear me down, to find every single excuse to break me apart and watch me fail, you extended a level of unwavering generosity, kindness, and deep-seated, *un-earned* trust that brought me to my knees in weeping relief.

You didn't just offer me a hand; you rescued me, Marianne. You helped me navigate the deepest, darkest times—the kind of soul-crushing despair where simply getting out of bed felt like a mythological labor. When the very people who were supposed to have my back were instead eager to fan the flames and watch my world burn down, you stood between me and the fire. Because of the sheer, brilliant light of your presence, I no longer feel like the monster they told

me I was. That toxic narrative, which I had internalized for so long, has finally begun to dissolve under the warmth of your compassion.

You have been the single greatest catalyst for the most significant, honest, and sustainable personal growth I have ever experienced. You have not just been an anchor in a raging sea, passively holding me in place; you have been a teacher, guiding me actively and patiently. You have taught me how to truly love without reservation, how to throw open the doors of my fortified heart and trust the person standing on the other side. You have taught me the infinitely more difficult lesson of how to receive love without suspicion, without constantly waiting for the inevitable betrayal or the 'catch.' Most importantly, you have taught me how to consistently show up and *be there* for someone in a meaningful, reliable, and deeply adult way—a level of commitment I was once terrified of.

I have shed more tears of pure, unadulterated hope, cleansing relief, and genuine, vibrant love because of you in the last year than I have for all the nightmares, traumas, and heartbreaks of my past combined. You have rewritten my emotional script. You are not just my ethereal Starlight Angel, the divine whisper that pulled me from the dark; you are my most treasured, trusted, and irreplaceable best friend, my closest confidant, and the closest, most honest thing to the concept of "home" I have felt in over a decade. You are my forever.

The harsh, unyielding reality of our situation—this vast, sprawling distance that defines our every shared moment and painful separation—is not merely a transient circumstance; it is a profound, aching state of being. Living like this, loving you across oceans and continents, across time zones that feel designed to keep us perpetually out of sync, is a relentless, slow-motion agony. It is an exquisite form of psychological torture that carves a new, hollow piece of my soul

out every single day. The sheer, brutal geography of our love is a cruel, mocking joke played by fate itself, a testament to the universe's perverse sense of humor.

To have finally found you, the one soul who perfectly reflects and truly aligns with the most authentic, honest, and often hidden parts of me, only to be separated by these impossible, geographically constrained circumstances, feels less like fate and more like a cruel, cosmic joke. It is as if the universe is deliberately dangling everything I have ever profoundly strived for—the shared future we plot in late-night phone calls that defy the clock, the simple, quiet domestic moments of shared coffee and silent, comforting companionship, the soul-deep familiarity of your immediate, physical presence—just tantalizingly out of my physical reach. Every mundane action in my day, from brewing my morning tea and watching the steam dissipate to locking my door at night and turning off the lights, is underpinned by a profound, hollow ache for your

reality to intersect permanently and seamlessly with mine.

I am intensely, almost painfully, jealous of the casual, unremarkable joy of the people who operate within your immediate, physical orbit. My jealousy is a constant, low-grade thrumming beneath my skin. I find myself fixating on the trivial: I envy the coworker who hands you a forgotten mug or shares a brief, knowing glance across a meeting table, privy to a small, spontaneous moment of your day I can only imagine. I envy the friend who gets to hold you for a brief, comforting moment in a shared instant of celebration or sorrow, whose shoulder you might lean on, who gets to hear the rich, unfiltered sound of your laugh resonate and fill a room, rather than through the flat, digitized, compressed echo of a speaker.

More profoundly, I envy anyone who gets to explore the world right by your side, experiencing the *now* with you, breathing

the same air in the same moment, seeing the same sunset unfiltered by a screen, their hand reaching for yours without an ounce of conscious effort. That physical distance doesn't just separate our bodies; it makes your daily life feel like a coveted secret, a rich, lived tapestry woven moment by moment, which I can only ever view through a heavily distorted, third-hand lens—a string of texts, a fleeting photo, a rushed video call. I yearn with a desperate physical longing for the simple, elemental shared physicality of your existence—the subtle, unique scent of your skin when you've been outside, the solid warmth and perfect weight of your hand fitting perfectly into mine, the spontaneous, unplanned joy of an unexpected late-night hug that banishes all doubt and makes the world pause. These are not luxuries; these are the essential, grounding anchors of a shared life, and I live without them.

I know, acutely and with self-awareness, that the burden of my long-standing, deep-seated anxieties can sometimes feel over-

whelming for you. My therapist and I have spent countless, exhaustive hours dissecting the brittle, fragile architecture of my fear. We explore how my visceral, deep-seated terror of being abandoned—the profound, almost paralyzing fear of being forgotten, replaced, or simply outgrown by the one truly good, stable, and essential person I have in my life—can manifest itself in damaging ways across this distance. It can make me cling to you, sometimes unfairly and with a suffocating intensity. It expresses itself as a desperate, white-knuckled grip, the clutch of a drowning man to the only life-line visible, an act that risks pulling both of us under the water.

For the ways that fear has sometimes clouded my judgment, for the moments when it has made me demand reassurances you shouldn't have to constantly provide, for the energy that it takes from you to continually stabilize my worries, I apologize, ceaselessly and from the bottom of my heart. I hate that my trauma sometimes cre-

ates unnecessary waves and disturbances in your otherwise calm and steady sea. I hate that the scars of my past become burdens upon your present.

But I want you to know, with every fiber of my being, that I am working on that fear, relentlessly and with a fierce commitment. It is a slow, difficult excavation of past trauma and ingrained defense mechanisms, a painstaking rebuild of my inner landscape, but I am committed to it absolutely. I am slowly, painstakingly learning that you need to be my *satellite*—a beautiful, constant, guiding light that I can admire and chart my course by in the dark expanse of my life—rather than a physical lifeline I desperately pull on when I feel myself sinking into the abyss of my own self-doubt.

I am striving for a mature, enduring love, one that is built on trust and respect, not on constant proximity and fear. A love that respects your boundaries, cherishes your independence, and honors your inherent

goodness and wholeness, rather than one that attempts to possess, control, or constrain you with my needs. My goal is to be a harbor for you when the world is rough, a source of peace and unconditional acceptance, not a cage designed to keep you within my grasp.

Still, amidst all this effort, all this brutal distance, and all this internal pain, there is not a single second that goes by where I do not feel like the luckiest, most undeserving bastard alive to have the profound, unbelievable privilege of carrying your love in my heart. That love is my true, unshakable anchor, the singular, radiant force that gives color, clarity, and purpose to an otherwise gray and complicated world. You are not just a person I love; you are the horizon I am sailing towards, the quiet, unwavering promise of a future that makes all the brutal distance and all the hard, internal work worth enduring. You are, without question, the destination.

I am not naive, Marianne. Please, look at me—truly look at me—and understand with every fiber of your being that I am not blind, nor am I a fool, to the stark, terrifyingly complicated, and utterly devastating reality of what I am fundamentally asking you to consider, and the monumental, life-altering cost of that choice. The weight of this decision is not lost on me; it is a palpable, suffocating presence.

I know that you have a rich, established life—a world of deep, complex commitments, of interlocking responsibilities, and a secure, comfortable reality that you have not just stumbled into, but have meticulously, rightfully, and painstakingly built for yourself over years. Your life is an intricate, balanced structure of loyalty and security. I know the inescapable, profound, and painful truth that you are currently married, bound by solemn vows, shared history, and the expectation of permanence.

And I understand, with a cold, heavy weight that settles like a stone in the very bottom of my chest, that choosing to fully embrace what we have—to step out of the quiet, secluded shadows where we have been hiding, where we have stolen our moments of authentic connection, and into the harsh, unforgiving light of public scrutiny—means causing an absolute, undeniable, and total earthquake in your established reality. It is not merely a tremor; it is a cataclysm.

It means the guaranteed, inevitable disruption of everything you know and rely upon: your predictable routine, your professional reputation, your entire social standing, and the comfortable, soothing rhythm of your everyday. It means certain, harsh, and lasting judgment from those around you—friends who will suddenly become strangers, family who will misunderstand and disapprove, and colleagues who will speculate—and facing incredibly trying, perhaps agonizingly painful, times together as we weather the fallout and rebuild from

the wreckage. This is not a romantic flight of fancy, born of desperation or impulse; this is a clear-eyed, calculated choice with catastrophic, immediate consequences for your current life, and I see—I catalog—every single one of them, from the trivial administrative nightmares to the profound emotional agony.

And I know, Marianne, with a bitter certainty, that the heavy, cruel, and disproportionate weight of that societal judgment—the whispers in the supermarket aisle, the suddenly averted eyes at the party, the self-righteous and sanctimonious disapproval—will fall much harder and far more unfairly, more intensely, on you than it ever will on me. In the eyes of the world, you will be the one who irrevocably broke the contract, shattered the home, and willfully profaned the vows. The thought of putting you in a position that causes you genuine, debilitating pain, profound anxiety, or sustained public scrutiny is agonizing; it is the one thing that truly gives me

pause, the one terror that keeps me awake in the quiet hours of the night. My own pain is manageable; the thought of inflicting yours is what paralyzes me.

But, against the backdrop of all that acknowledged, terrifying reality, I also believe, with a fierce, absolute, and unshakeable conviction that cuts through all the fear, doubt, and complexity, that if this is the future we actively and intentionally choose to make together—a life where we are no longer compelled to steal moments of connection like thieves in the night—it is a necessary trial by fire. It is a crucible, forged in truth, pain, and hardship, that we possess the strength and character to not only endure but ultimately overcome. We can emerge from it stronger, more honest with the world and ourselves, and fundamentally free, but only if we make the mature, active, and fully-informed decision to face it side-by-side, hand-in-hand, committed to the long, difficult path.

I am not asking you to burn your life down recklessly, capriciously, or without the deepest, most painful thought and consideration. That would be selfish, immature, and fundamentally cruel.

Instead, I *am* asking you to look deeply inside yourself, beyond the crippling fear, beyond the comfortable inertia, and beyond the expectations placed upon you by others, and consider the honest, vibrant, and sustainable life we could patiently, lovingly, and deliberately build together—not from the scorched, ruined earth of a reckless conflagration, but from the necessary, hard-won, and fertile ashes of the old life. I am asking you to choose yourself, Marianne, to acknowledge the truest, most hidden parts of your own heart, and to consider choosing *us* as the foundation for the next, most honest, and truest chapter of your life's story. I am not offering an easy, painless path; that would be a lie. But I am offering a path paved with absolute, unyielding truth, mu-

tual respect, and a commitment that will never, under any circumstances, falter.

Tell me honestly, and let your answer be the final word: is the cost of staying exactly where you are, trapped in a life that may no longer serve your spirit, greater than the courage it will take to walk away and face the world, however difficult it may be, with me?

My deepest, most treasured fantasies about us have nothing to do with grand, cinematic moments, high-intensity drama, or intense, dramatic adventures. They are not built on exotic getaways, expensive gifts, or public declarations under a spotlight. The enduring dream I hold onto is one of profound peace, quiet hope, and uncomplicated, domestic love.

I want the simple, mundane moments that most people take for granted every single day, the beautiful monotony that forms the bedrock of a shared life. I want us to be doing the laundry together on a sunlit Sun-

day afternoon, folding warm clothes and casually bumping elbows. I want to go grocery shopping and spend ten minutes in the coffee aisle, passionately debating the merits of a dark roast versus a medium blend, our hands brushing as we reach for the same bag. I want to take a quiet, peaceful walk down the street, not needing to speak, simply enjoying the silent presence of the other. Most of all, I want to simply crawl into bed together at the end of a long, exhausting day just to be physically close, to feel your warmth against me, a silent reassurance that we made it through another day, together. I want to hold you in my arms, rest my forehead against yours, and know, in that one perfect, crystalline moment, that for once in this crazy, chaotic life, the world is absolutely, undeniably perfect because you are in it.

I want to be your husband, Marianne.

Not in some nebulous next life, a hopeful 'someday' that never arrives. Not in some

cosmic, supernatural metaphor, a poetic concept that only we understand. I want to be your husband right here, in *this* life, under this sky, on this earth.

I do not care, not for one second, about the age difference that others may fixate on, that small, irrelevant number on a government document. I do not care about the gray hairs you try to hide, or the inevitable wrinkles that you foolishly worry about and obsess over in the mirror. These are nothing but the beautiful etchings of a life lived. I fell utterly and completely in love with your soul—your vibrant, compassionate, profoundly intelligent, and singularly beautiful soul—and that is a treasure I will relentlessly persevere and fight for until my last dying breath. That is the essence of you, eternal and unchanged, and it is the foundation of my devotion.

The era of passive waiting, of simply hoping for a cosmic delivery of destiny, is definitively over. I am no longer simply gazing

at the stars, wishing for them to eventually fall into my lap, for fate to serendipitously and effortlessly deliver the profound life I truly desire and the connection I crave. That period of quiet resignation, of wishful thinking and hoping things would simply materialize, has ended.

In its place, I am now engaged in an active, deliberate, and relentless campaign to build the very bridge required to reach those stars myself. This is not a casual effort; it is a profound, non-negotiable commitment to fundamentally reshape the architecture of my existence, driven by an unwavering, focused intention to permanently close the distance—both physical and emotional—that currently separates us.

This transformation is not a minor adjustment; it is a multi-faceted and relentless overhaul touching every critical area of my life: my career, my finances, my health, and my future planning. Everything is being recalibrated, refocused, and redesigned with

one ultimate, central purpose: to create the stable, secure, and permanent reality that allows us to build the simple, beautiful, domestic life I envision. The pursuit of you is not a hobby; it is my singular, ultimate mission.

I am addressing my financial reality with a vigilance and dedication I have never before possessed. The systematic dismantling of debt is underway through structured relief programs. These are not merely administrative tasks; they are surgical strikes against the financial chains that have anchored me to a life of constraint for too long. I am building a foundation of financial health that is resilient, stable, and designed to support the future we will share.

Simultaneously, my professional output has reached an unprecedented peak. I am pitching the absolute best work of my entire career—scripts, concepts, and proposals that I have polished to a mirror sheen. These are not speculative endeavors; they are the

manifest expression of my truest potential and the culmination of years of honing my craft. I am not simply sitting back, hoping for a "break" or a lucky phone call; I am actively and forcefully creating the opportunity for the success necessary to fuel our future.

Most critically, the very structure of my business is undergoing a complete transformation. I am moving it from a fragile, reactive entity—constantly vulnerable to external market forces—into a resilient, proactive, and self-sustaining engine of growth. This transformation is about establishing a professional mechanism that will grant me the necessary autonomy and stability, irrespective of geography.

Furthermore, I am aggressively pursuing new, high-leverage career opportunities. These positions are being sought not just for a steady income, but specifically because they offer the trifecta of necessity: financial freedom, professional flexibility, and time

sovereignty. This freedom is the currency needed to travel, visit frequently, and, ultimately, to relocate permanently. Every single professional and financial choice I make now, no matter how small, is a meticulously placed stepping stone directly toward you.

My commitment is no longer abstract; it is tangible and detailed. I have not merely *found* my passport; I have reclaimed it as a powerful, irreversible symbol of intent. The planning for the physical move is granular and tactical. I am actively charting the exact, line-item costs of the entire relocation—housing, logistics, legal requirements, and travel—leaving nothing to chance. I have established a dedicated account where specific, untouchable funds are being systematically set aside. This is not a savings account for an eventual vacation; it is the war chest for our future. The detailed itinerary I am establishing is a tactical roadmap designed to permanently close this soul-crushing, agonizing distance that has tested us for too long.

I am coming. This is not a hope, a casual desire, or a vague aspiration. It is a mission. It is a fact.

I am undertaking this comprehensive, life-altering overhaul because I am unalterably determined to stand before you as the full, whole, utterly unburdened man that you deserve. The man capable of standing beside you, shoulder-to-shoulder, not lingering behind, ready to meet your commitment with an equal, unwavering strength and capacity. I am stepping definitively and without equivocation out of the shadows of my past—the failures, the regrets, the mistakes that have haunted my every step. I am systematically shedding the heavy, suffocating armor I built for sheer survival—the self-protective walls that, while keeping me safe from hurt, simultaneously kept me isolated, emotionally and geographically. I am choosing, with every fiber of my being and with every breath I take, to walk irreversibly toward the powerful, blindingly beautiful

light of our future that you have so generously shown me.

I recognize and honor that the final, monumental decisions regarding our future are fundamentally yours alone, and I promise to respect whatever ultimate choice you make, executing that respect with grace and dignity. But before you make that choice, I need you to know the absolute, unshakeable certainty of my heart and the unqualified seriousness of my commitment. I cannot and will not accept a future where we become regretful ghosts in each other's lives—two souls who loved deeply and genuinely, but lacked the courage, the resolve, or the proactive effort to ultimately make it work, forever looking back with an aching sense of loss and what-if. That is a future I refuse to inhabit, and I am proving that refusal with action.

If you are willing to take my hand, to brave the coming earthquake of these monumental life changes, to trust the process,

and to stand by me to face the inevitable fire of judgment, criticism, and doubt that our extraordinary commitment will attract from the world, I promise you a love, a loyalty, and a devotion that will not merely last our lifetimes, but is built to outlast them. I choose you, Marianne, completely of my own accord, freely and without any reservation or condition. I will continue to choose you every single day that we are given—in the quiet, mundane moments and in the spectacular chaos, in the blinding sunlight of success and in the deepest shadows of challenge—until there are simply no more days left to choose.

Yours forever and always,

Thomas

